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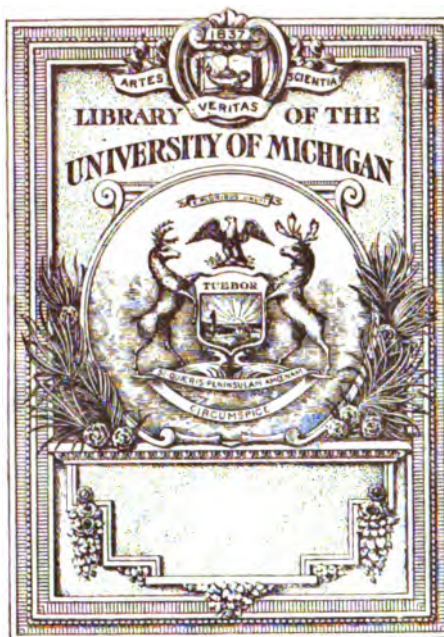
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# The FAIRIES' MENAGERIE



A glimpse  
To mortal eyes  
We bring

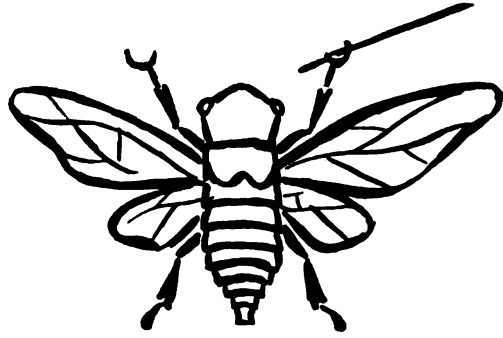
Of that  
Strange  
Life  
Twixt leaf  
And  
wing

BY

NEVILLE CAIN

PUBLISHED BY  
R.H. RUSSELL  
NEW YORK  
1903

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.



King Oberon  
Appointed me  
Guardian of  
The Butterfly-tree;  
No hurt shall come  
To it while I  
On harmful things  
Do play the spy!

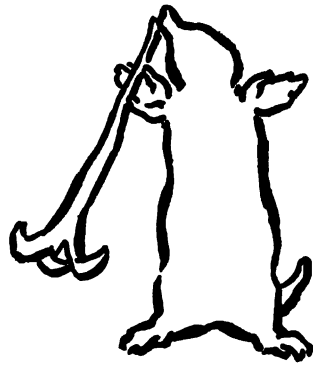




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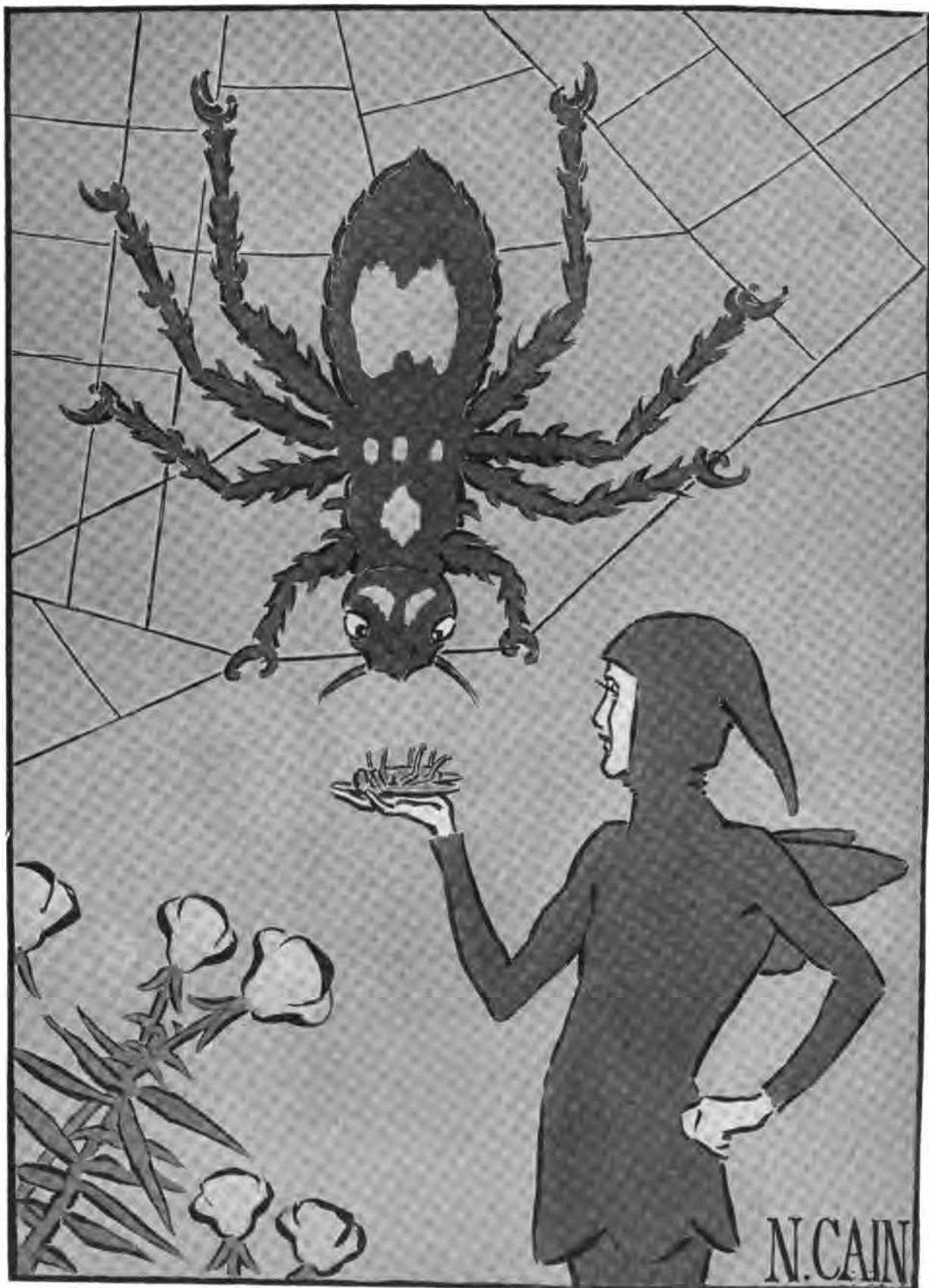
A camel in the  
Clouds I chased,  
And ere his form  
Could be effaced,  
O'er him waved my  
Charmed wand,  
And brought him down  
To Fairyland.





Inside his web  
With magic spell,  
I keep the tiger  
Of the Fairy dell.  
He's far too fierce  
To be at large, I ween,  
And so I feed him, thus,  
The bars between.





N.CAIN



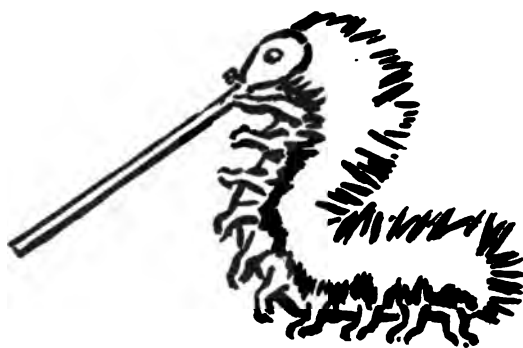
N. CAIN





This bird you cannot  
Feed with bread;—  
There's nothing of him  
But his head.  
He lives on nothing  
But fresh air,  
Supplied with fans—  
Tis my sole care.





The Fairy Aggregation  
Boasts the slowest Snail  
Extant;

He'd be beaten  
Should he run a race  
With any growing  
plant!

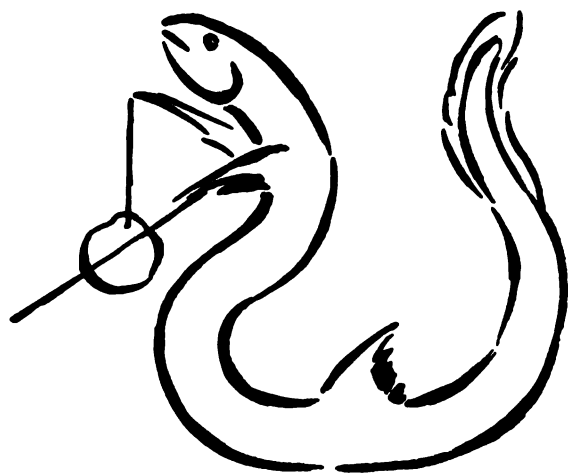


N. CAIN

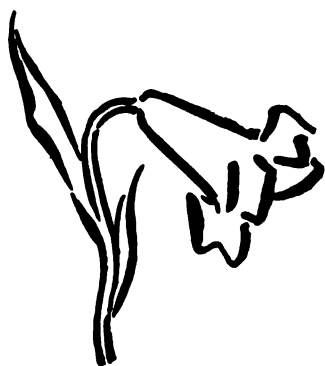


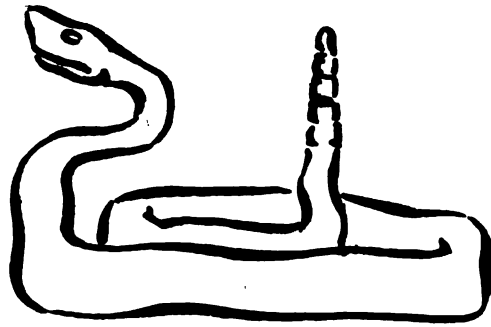






This fuzzy creature  
Of silken sheen,  
Sweeps the flowers,  
And keeps them  
clean.





A shadow this,  
Of wondrous kind,  
Which we with potent  
Spells have caught;  
The bird itself  
We ne'er could find,  
Though East & West  
We've vainly sought.



N. CAIN



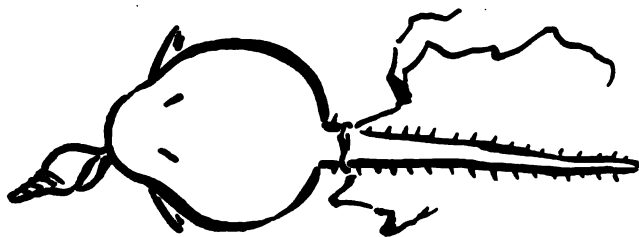
NEVILLE CAIN





Child of the Nightingale  
And Rose,  
Whose song & incense,  
Mingled rise,  
To lull ye fairies to repose,  
Beneath Astarte's  
Silver skies.





The Orchid Twins,  
In eldritch dance,  
Would doubtless make  
You look askance.  
In the twilight's  
Dusky glow,  
Bobbing eerily  
They go!



N. CAIN

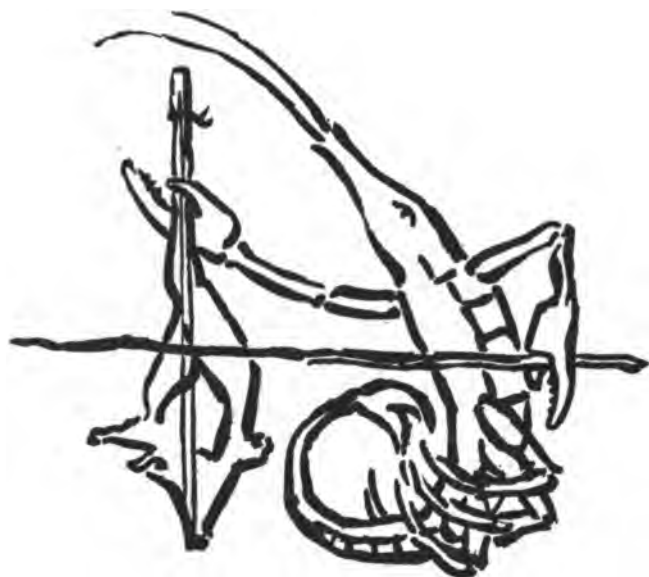




N. CAIN







I am Fairy Tingaling!  
I taught this shrieking  
Mandrake Thing,  
Softest melody  
To sing.



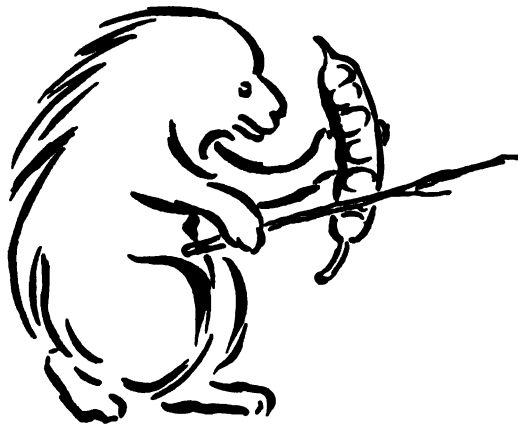


Sphynx-fly!  
Mystic insect rare,  
To whom the Fays  
Give loving care;  
Link between  
Earth-life & them,—  
Of all their treasures,  
Tis the gem!









These grateful little  
Nodding things,  
Whom I sprinkle  
Morn & eve,  
Grew from bits of  
Fairies' wings  
From the earth—  
Would you believe!





An infant  
Serpent of the Sea,  
A captive who  
Would not be free,—  
But that he may  
No larger grow  
I've placed a spell  
Upon him, lo!



N. CAIN







N. CAIN.





Look, within this cage  
You'll find,  
A creature of  
A unique kind,—  
A tortoise with a  
Shell of gold,  
Your wondering eyes  
May here behold.

